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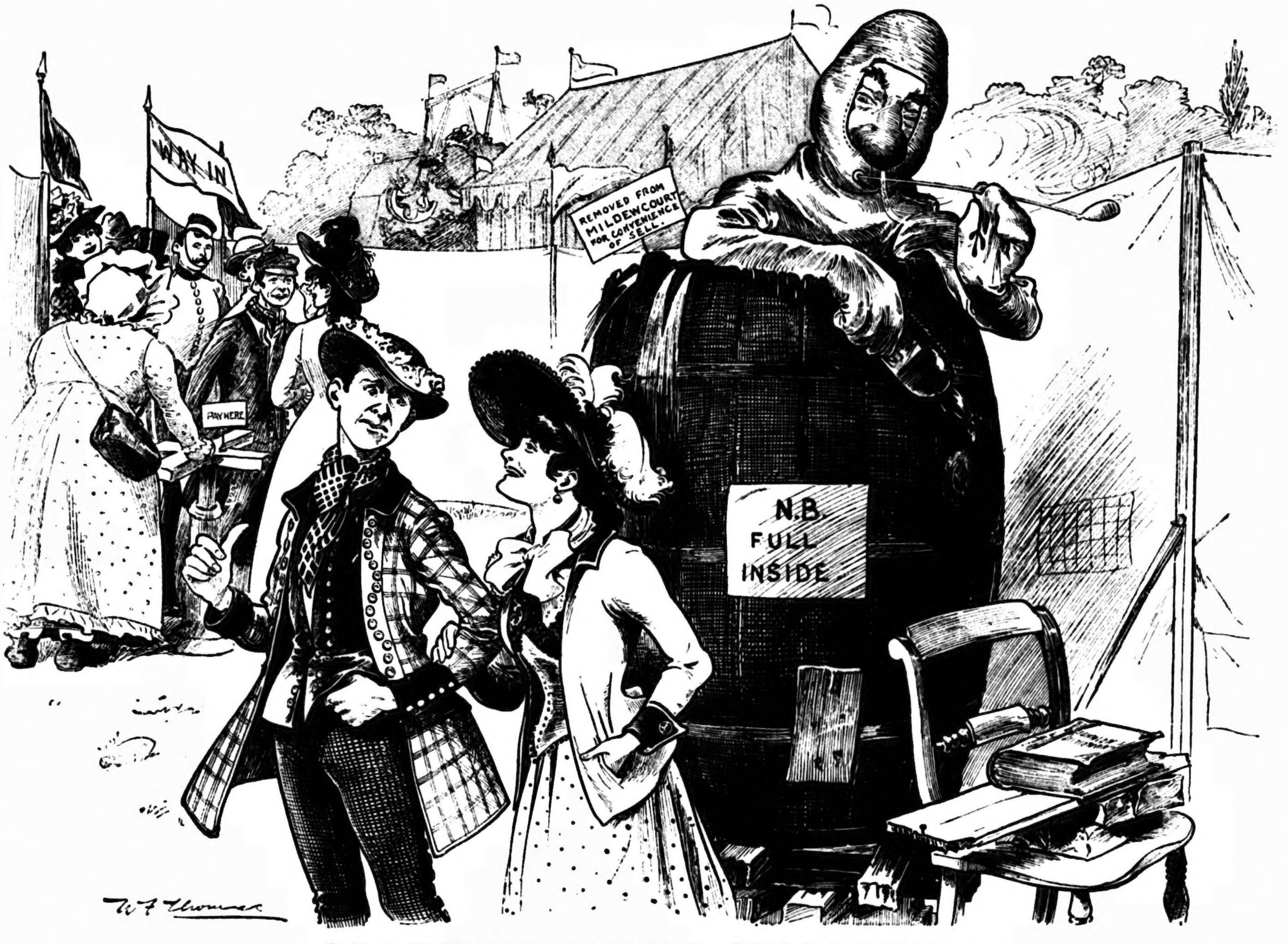
Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.
Vol. X.—No. 473.] SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1893. [ONE PENNY.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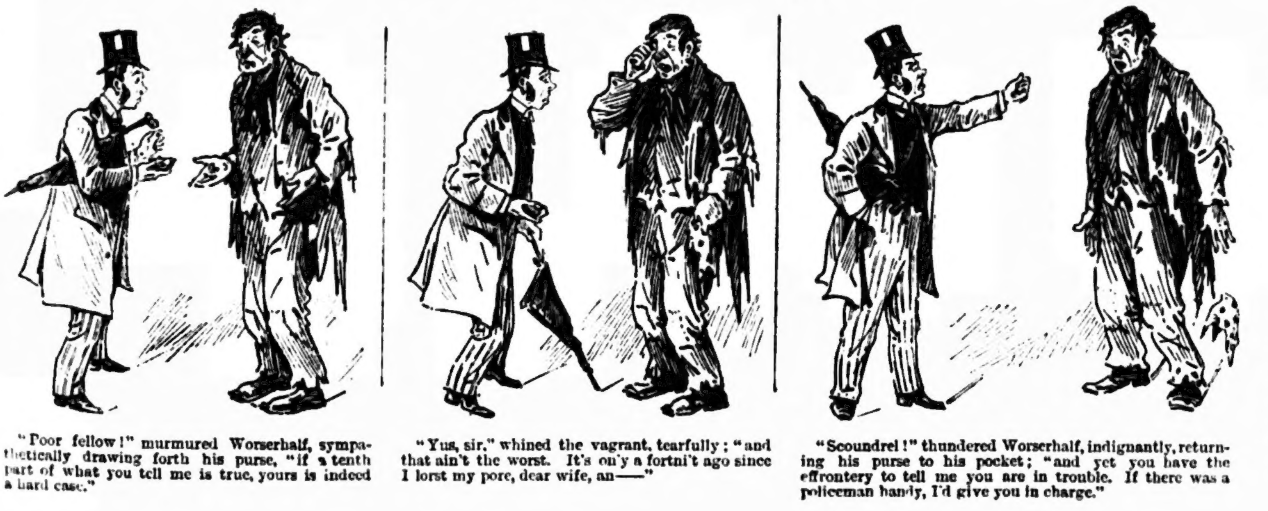
N.B. FULL INSIDE
W F Thomas

SLOPER'S BANK HOLIDAY.

"Captain Boyton may be all very well in his way, but there is little doubt that Poor Pa, to use a vulgar phrase, can lick him into fits. His grand Water Carnival, in which he sleeps, eats, drinks, and I am afraid sometimes swears whilst immerged in an enormous barrel of water, is already the talk of London, and was patronised on Whit Monday by thousands, among whom were many of the crowned heads of Europe. The admission to the Show Grounds is only threepence, so the masses can avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing Papa's performance as well as the aristocracy."—TOOTSIE.

ON THE WRONG TACK.



"Poor fellow!" murmured Worserhalf, sympathetically drawing forth his purse, "if a tenth part of what you tell me is true, yours is indeed a hard case."

"Yus, sir," whined the vagrant, tearfully; "and that ain't the worst. It's on'y a fortni't ago since I lorst my pore, dear wife, an——"

"Scoundrel!" thundered Worserhalf, indignantly, returning his purse to his pocket; "and yet you have the effrontery to tell me you are in trouble. If there was a policeman handy, I'd give you in charge."

THE RIVER TYNE MURDER.

THIS atrocious transaction was first brought to light by the discovery of the body of Captain John Frederick Berkhalt, captain of the Norwegian brigantine, *Phœnix*, in the river at Sunderland, on Friday, June 14, 1839, with such appearances on his body as left no doubt that his life had been taken away by violence, and suspicion at once fell on the crew of his vessel.

The crew were all taken into custody, but loudly protested their ignorance of the murder, alleging that the captain had gone on shore on Tuesday night, which was the last they knew of him. But there were ugly blood stains in the cabin, and presently a young man, aged nineteen, named Daniel Frederick Müller, had this strange statement to make:

"On the night of Tuesday, June 11, he had the twelve o'clock watch, and at about half-past one Jacob Ehlert, the mate, called him below. The mate carried a hammer and a lantern. He went into the captain's cabin and gave Müller the lantern to hold. Then he raised the hammer and dealt three tremendous blows on the head of the captain as he lay asleep. Müller, in terror, cried, 'Mate, what are you doing?' and tried to get away, but the mate forced him to remain, and threatened him with a knife, saying that there was plenty of money in the cabin, and £300 of it should be his share.

"The mate took the body from the bed and slung a rope round the neck, and he partially clothed it in a pair of stockings and trousers, and then threw a canvas bag over it. The lad soon after went on deck and wept bitterly, and while he was there, the mate came up and took the skylight off the captain's cabin and began to raise the body. He then sent Müller to bring round the boat. Whilst he was doing so, the mate threw the body over the stern. They then both entered the boat and rowed to the opposite side of the river, towing the body, when the mate, tying a stone to it, sunk it.

"They returned to the ship. After this, Jacob Ehlert, having called the next watch, retired to rest, telling the boy that at four o'clock, at the conclusion of the present watch, he would call him up as if to take the captain on shore, so that the crew might suppose he had done so. This was done, and he rowed away, the night of the murder being dark and rainy, as if he had the captain with him in the boat."

Upon this statement, Ehlert was committed to take his trial. The evidence of the lad was corroborated by that of other witnesses in many material particulars, and a verdict of "Guilty" was returned by the jury, but it is a pity that in the account we quote from (that of Camden Pelham), that the evidence is not given. We read "Sentence of death was instantly passed, amidst the unavailing protestations of the wretched convict of his innocence. Between this period and the day of his execution, Ehlert continued firm in his denial of his participation in the murder, and imputed the whole guilt of the transaction to Müller, who, he said, destroyed the captain under the very circumstances which he had detailed, as having been those under which he had committed the crime. He said he had discovered the completion of the deed, and out of compassion for the boy, had omitted giving him up to justice. Müller, however, persisted in the truth of his tale, and on August 16 the miserable convict was executed."

Nothing in this account is said relating to the disposal of the captain's money, and presumably the share promised Müller was not handed over to him. It seems odd that Ehlert should have invited the lad to witness the crime, and odd also that he did not sooner tell his story to the crew. The case, judging by the brief account of it given, is somewhat mysterious.

• • • • • •

BIZZY BIZ AT BATTERSI.

the madun utterd a peersin shreek as the idjus monstir addvanse. butt eskaip wos imposble.

clutchin off er with iss leff and bi er silkin tresstesses, ee oppen iss nife with iss i toof an dror the yett blud reekin blaid acrost. . . warnt off spais render itt imporsible too ai more.

(Next week, "Aged Ninety-Four.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

⁂ Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose *a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted.* Do not inclose loose stamps.

Much obliged, indeed, McARTHUR, *Yours is quite the proper view. We would gladly tell you,* CHARLTON; *That, of course, is if we knew. Any other time,* EMBITTERED, *We will listen to your woes. Sorry,* SKEG, *we cannot tell you. Certainly,* A COUNTRY ROSE. *Very good, indeed,* KILLARNY, *You should persevere, of course.* SLOPER'S *bets,* A MERRY TURFITE; *Always aggravate the horse. Don't despair,* DESPONDENT DAVY. *There are many others left. Of your senses,* H. G. HARLEY, *You must surely be bereft. Try some other mode,* CHICUMBO, ALLY *isn't caught with chaff. Many thanks for jokelet,* JIMMIE. *Tell us where we ought to laugh. No, we cannot find it,* HAROLD. *Are you sure you sent it here? Thanks for offer,* DRAYMAN, *but the Ancient does not take on beer.*

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Masher (to friend). You're right, Fwed, she is a most charming girl. What a sweet face she has!

Athletic Son of Toil. Ay, and she's got a sweetheart, guv'nor; and if you don't want 'im to give you a prop on the nose, I sh'u'd advise yer to take yerself off.

⁂

ADVERTISEMENT IN DAILY PAPER.—"How to earn an honest living with a capital of 2*s.* 6*d.* Apply, inclosing twelve stamps, to Hookey Walker, etc."

ANSWER.—Purchase two gross and a half of celluloid collar-studs at 1*s.* a gross, and then sell them at a penny each to bigger fools than yourself.

⁂

Customer. What sort of man is Smith?

Tobacconist. Oh, a perfect gentleman! Always pays sixpence for a fourpenny cigar, and never counts his change.

⁂

"TO-MORROW will be Friday," sang the worthy monks of yore,
  Though of booze when unsuccessful they'd a high day:
When they managed now and then to bring some decent fish ashore,
  There is little doubt they turned it into Fry-day.

⁂

Single Darling. The idea of any girl being so foolish as to marry any man whom she does not thoroughly know!

Married Darling. The idea of any girl marrying a man whom she does know thoroughly!

⁂

"Do you think that new company Gambo's bringing out will pay a dividend?" "Yes; very possibly a small one—when it's been wound up by the official liquidator."

⁂

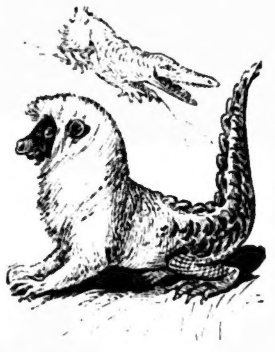
Smark. I see that those people who advertise their registry office offer a silver watch to the servant who stays two years in a place.

Sharpe. That's safe enough. Did you ever hear of a servant nowadays stopping over twelve months in the same situation? They want change of air same as other people. Oh, the silver watch is safe enough!

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 473.—The "Cigarette" Costume.

"Strikes me this roast lamb is mutton, waiter." "No, sir, lamb, sir. Full-grown lamb, sir."



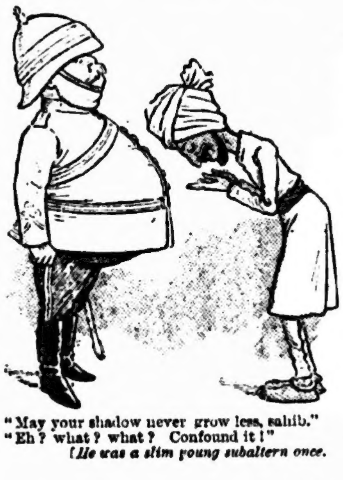
ZOO-ILLOGICAL STUDIES

The Crocodilemur — guaranteed tame when muzzled.

AT EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

Fair One. How clever Captain Boyton is. Why, he must live almost altogether on water.

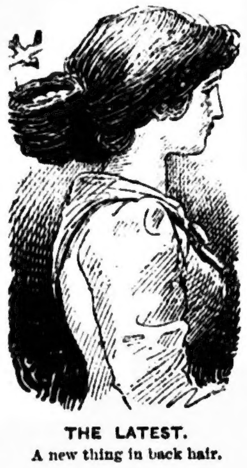
Swell. Pooh! that's nothing I know a fellow who lives almost altogether on whisky.



"May your shadow never grow less, sahib."

"Eh? what? what? Confound it!"

[*He was a slim young subaltern once.*



THE LATEST.

A new thing in back hair.

Mrs. Brown. Oh, look here, Mr. B.! Mother has sent baby this box of sweets, and they're all those coloured things, you know, and I'm afraid they're poisonous, but I don't like to waste them. What shall I do with them?

Mr. Brown. Give 'em to that boy who plays the Jew's harp next door.

⁂

Cynic. It's all very well to talk about the pleasures of domestic life, and that each child is as good as another hundred a year to the parents, but which do you consider would be the happier—a married man with twelve children or a bachelor with £1200 a year?

Sharpshins. The married man, sir, undoubtedly.

Cynic. Prove it.

Sharpshins. Of course you will admit that contentment is happiness. Well, the man with money is sure to want more, while the man with twelve kids will be quite content with what he's got. He won't want any more, so naturally he will be the happier.

⁂

As through the mazy waltz we wended,
I said, "This waltz should ne'er be ended."
But she replied, "That takes the bun.
I wish it ne'er had been begun."

⁂

Absent-minded Patient (to Dentist). Look here, Mr. Forceps, keeping my mouth open allows the cold air to get in, and makes the tooth ache more, so I'll keep it closed, if you don't mind, while you are pulling it out.

⁂

Artful Merchant (who has just had the best of the deal). Oh! well, you must make up your mind in this world to give and take.

The Juggins. Yes, so it seems. "Give" precious little, and "take" as much as you can get.

⁂

"THE wonder of 1893 has so far been the blooming chestnuts," said Bladder *pater.* And the Olive Branch weighed in with: "Yes, pa, that's just what Mr. Snarler says. Those blooming chestnuts that you tell at the club would make Joe Miller's ghost sit up."

⁂

Mrs. Goody. Don't you think that going to the theatre encourages wicked thoughts?

Miss Prettily. Sometimes, yes.

Mrs. Good. Ah! I felt sure you would agree with me.

Miss Prettily. Especially when there's a man behind you who will keep explaining the plot to someone who is hard of hearing.

⁂

Mrs. Clumberbump. Lor', now! is it as bad as that? The drains, I suppose? I've heard as how them centinenial cities is dreadful insanitry, but I never thought as how they was as bad as that.

Mr. Clumberbump (reading from paper). See Naples and die——

⁂

WE understand that the question to be discussed at the next meeting of the Sloperian Debating Society is the man who is married to his cook and can't get rid of her, or the man who isn't and is left in the lurch without a "kitchen lady" at all.

⁂

Old Friend of the Family (just returned from Australia). And your daughters, Mrs. Brown—let me see, you had two—how are they doing?

Mrs. Brown. Oh, they're both married. Lizzie, the fair one, you know, married very well indeed—married a bookmaker; but the other one, Clara, only married a common banker, poor child!

⁂

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind
  That when nice girls are by
At them, when you are just behind,
  I wink the other eye.

True, oft with other girls I'm seen;
  True, wealth galore was thine;
True, had your face your fortune been.
  You never had been mine.

Though my inconstancy is such
  As you must much deplore,
I could not love thee half as much
  Loved I not ooftish more.

⁂

First Male Wallflower. Miss Hisee is going to sing, "For all eternity."

Second Male Wallflower. The d——l she i ! Then I'm off! I could stand her for an hour or so, but not qu e so long as that.

⁂

Mr. M. P. Kunius. You might as well lend me the money. I promise to pay you back again, and my word is as good as my bond.

Friend. Oh, yes, I believe that; but as your bond is N. G., what price the word?

⁂

MANY a true word is written as well as spoken in jest. A lady's weekly paper lately informed its readers that a certain well-known gentleman "was about to renounce the miseries of celibacy and embrace those of matrimony."

⁂

The Office at the Police Station.

Inspector (in desk). What's your name?
Prisoner. Terence McSweeney.
Inspector. What countryman are you?
Prisoner. An Oirishman.
Inspector. What's your business?
Prisoner. An Italian organ-grinder.

⁂

Snipper. The Cunard Steamer Company are wonderfully reckless.

Snapper. Indeed! Why, I always understood that they were so particularly careful—never lost a ship, in fact.

Snipper. Well, that's just what I said—they're wreckless.

⁂

IT is a remarkable thing how extremes meet, especially on the stage. The public will crowd to see the actress who is noted for her good reputation, and also the one who has no reputation at all.

⁂

Customer. Ha! this is a capital cup of coffee, waiter—best I've ever had here.

Waiter (horrified). Then I'm afraid I must have given you the guv'nor's, sir.

⁂

Shimmer. I see that a certain medical paper says that blowing a wind instrument is an excellent thing for the nerves.

Shummer. It may be for the man who blows, but how about the poor devils who have to listen to him?

⁂

Now that our Toms and Dicks and Harries
Their sweethearts take to see Old Paris,
No doubt they often will appeal
For trystings at the Old Bastille.
And when each thusly writes his mash, he
Of course, will send a *lettre de cachet.*

⁂

Mrs. Chitter. I've bought a new hat.
Mrs. Chatter. So have I.
Mrs. Chitter. } My hat is the new shape in chip, trimmed with
Mrs. Chatter. }   dark red velvet.
Mrs. Chitter. } The most beautiful French flowers, and such a
Mrs. Chatter. }   love of a feather. (*Etc., etc., etc. for*
minutes. Pause for breath.
Mrs. Chitter. }
Mrs. Chatter. } And how is your hat trimmed, dear?

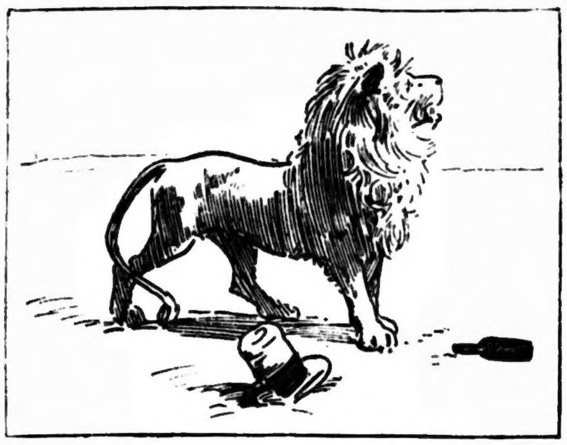
⁂

THEY were talking about the author of *A Woman of No Importance*, and the O'Flaherty said, "Ah! but ye must remember that he's an Oirishman, and all Oirishmen are naturally clever." "How do you know he is an Irishman?" inquired his friend. "Shure and isn't he O'Wilde?" answered O'Flaherty; "and if ye deny that's Oirish, ye'll denoy me awn nationality nixt."

B L

TOOTSIE AT THE ACADEMY.

"YES," says a writer in *The Girl of the Period Miscellany*, a periodical now some years extinct—"yes, I am a model—young, and they say good-looking; for I've a very fine figure and a lot of shiny red hair, that comes out well with the light upon it, and lies in ripples (thanks to the irons) upon my shoulders. Mind you, I don't say this myself; it's only what the fellows tell me, and artists ought to know, only they're so full of their chaff, that you never can be quite certain they're in earnest. You have seen my face, I dare say, in a great many pictures. I've been Ophelia and Juliet, and all sorts of heroines. I've worn many different costumes, and occasionally I've worn so little of any costume at all, that I felt like the Queen of Madagascar, or any other place where the weather is hot and milliners are scarce. And if you haven't noticed my face—for they do alter it so—you've seen my hands and arms ever so many times. When the portrait of a lady is painted, Slygall sends for me to do the arms from; for ladies, you know, are very often shaky in that respect, and they don't like the canvas to tell them the whole truth; so as *my* arms *will* bear inspection, in they go, and the lady smiles and thinks they are *so like* her own when the picture is shown to her friends and hung over the stock-broker's cheffonier in Bayswater."


(71) "Where's Sloper?" HERBERT DICKSEE.

There are portraits of ladies in this year's show who may have other people's arms on for what I know, and gentlemen with other people's legs; but I think there can be little doubt that the faces belong to the sitters themselves, and what puzzles me is why they should have sat.

The two most striking pictures this year are, I fancy, "Rizpah," by Sir Frederick Leighton, and the "Funeral of a Viking," by Frank Dicksee. It is true that the latter is a bit foggy, and might have been called "What's a Viking? When you have found that out, try and find the Viking on the canvas."

(832) "A Dinner Party at the Mildeweries," SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

Why S. H. Tuke when he draws a bather should choose a boy, I can't say. The boy bathers Battersea-way never struck me as picturesque. Thomas Faed has also a bather: this time a Scotch lassie, who seems to be taking her time undressing.

Frederick Goodall gives us the "Water of the Nile"—or, rather, allows us to look at it from a respectable distance. There are some dusky Egyptian beauties carrying away the waters in jars on their heads, but you will not be allowed to carry away the picture.

Herbert Dicksee's "Defiance" depicts a lion standing in a very hungry attitude. It quite frightened Poor Pa. And as for Solomon's "Dinner Party," well, Billy won't forget it for a long time.

Sir John Millais's Saint Teresa going to be martyred by the Moors is a singular subject. She is taking her younger brother with her, and Billy, if that be his name, seems only half-hearted and off the job. I don't know for certain, but if their ma had gone after them and sent them home again with a good hard slap each, it would have "met circs," as the vulgar saying is.

Some of the pictures this year have good long names, not too easily remembered. Leonard Watts's "Pale, Cold Face, Star-Sweet on a Gloom Profound," is a stiff one; but what are we to say to W. Q. Orchardson's "Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory"?

Stacey Marks's "Of Making Many Books," etc., is good, but is rather like a Dentist with the nightmare. Miss Kate Perugini sends a pretty picture of Florence Dombey and little Paul, only they are not the least bit like the real thing. Why could not the lady have turned to Hablot Knight Browne's charming pictures, and given us something like the costumes in 1848?

(58) "The Dentist's Dream," H. STACEY MARKS.

JACK AND JILL.

I.

THERE'S a strange, sudden, singular beauty
  In things that were ugly last night:
What yest're'en was a wearisome duty
  To-day is a joy and delight.
Very choice are the coarsest of victuals;
  There's warmth in the wind that is chill;
Yea, and life seems all beer and all skittles—
  For Jack is engaged to his Jill.

II.

In the hedge where the Mayblossom's bravest
  There's naught but the thorns to be seen,
And of colours the gloomiest, gravest,
  Is Nature's adorable green.
In the fresh mountain air there's a choking,
  All ruefully ripples the rill,
And the sweet-singing birds are but croaking—
  For Jack has grown jealous of Jill.

III.

The light-giving sun is now darkened;
  Cold, cold is the giver of heat;
Not tuneful, but harsh to be hearkened,
  The lambkin's ubiquitous bleat.
Unto one who is loveless and lonely
  The world—may it quickly stand still!—
Is a waste howling wilderness only—
  For Jack has been jilted by Jill.

HISTORICAL IMPOSTORS.

No. 6.—HERCULES.

THE pre-eminence of physical strength being the first law of existence, naturally appeals to all spheres of civilization in their earliest and least sophisticated epochs; and so we get the Hercules of the Greek and Roman mythology side by side with Sampson of the Semitic ditto, who *would* take George Beauchamp's advice of "Get your 'air cut." Hercules, as investigated by our latter day lights, comes out very badly. He certainly performed certain feats that look well on paper, but considering that they were all done, or supposed to be, some few thousands of years ago, and are not artificial in any way, we are bound to look askance. If Herky had got his show certificated by a committee containing at least one Professor, a journalist or so, and a brace of sporting peers, it might have been different. As it is, we not only don't believe in him, but don't see our way to getting our money back. Let us review a few of his feats, and compare them with modern results.

Hercules choked a lion. Well, what of it? Herk was, of course, of celestial descent, and always had one of the gods or goddesses handy to jump in at a risky moment and bring his show through. That lion was chloroformed. Don't tell us that chloreform wasn't invented. At any rate, the thing could be worked by some such substitute as reading to the King of Beasts a series of Home Rule Debates, or articles about the Royal Betrothal, or any of the gibberish which is now supplanting soporifics of a less natural description. If Hercules were to come out now with his lion taming show he'd have to work hard to get his exes., besides finding his own props., and guaranteeing brother and sister artistes at the halls against his lion lunching off their legs, or confiscating their grease paints.

Hercules cleared out the Augean stables. Well, if he cared for such dirty work, let him. No accounting for tastes; but in the scavenger business, we would back a Strand Vestry boy with a squeegee on a rainy day against H. for the Mud-pushing Stakes, and cheerfully pay for beer for both competitors. And as for stables, let Hercules go to Newmarket and try and make certain training establishments so savoury that the Jockey Club needn't ever warn anyone off, and we should think when he has done that metaphorically, it will be quite time for him to tackle the physical trials of strength which the City Sewers people could supply him with.

You can go all through the seven uncertified labours of Hercules and all the other fakes that filled up his spare time, and we are ready to back that they were all either fake, or could be eclipsed by the merest novice at the game, not to mention any of our professional strong men and women. Did Hercules ever come on a music-hall stage and balance a lifeguardsman on horseback on his stomach before an enlightened audience, who could see for themselves what was going on? Did he ever sling around dumb bells of 150-lbs. weight, and get sued by the manager for damaging the stage planks? Did he ever hoist up a horse and gig with his teeth? Has he got any putty medals, or belts, or cups to show? Echo answers, "Nary." All his records rest on a lot of musty old Greek poets or their effusions, and we know what their price is. A. SLOPER has several tame poets on the establishment, and what a bard won't do for half a thick 'un and his beer has never been discovered in the realms of poetry. Mind, we don't for an instant make any insinuations against these poetical parties: they merely followed the custom of their profession, and had their living to get. They got their inspiration from "the Pierian Spring," did they! Well, substitute any particular blend of whisky that will pay for the puff, and you will find that the modern poet will be able to reel off enough rhymes to make the fortune of a dozen Hercules. As for physical trials, we will back any little skimpy gipsy who knows the smallest trick to make the rinker fly up to the top of the "try-your-weight" scale against any of the strong classical demi-gods, and that without any of the adventitious rot about divine birth and supernatural interposition or assistance. An age that has Frank Slavin, Charlie Mitchell, Sandow, and Athleta, can afford to consider Hercules very small potatoes indeed, and he can therefore take a back seat among the orange peel and the draughts and the corks of dead ginger-beer bottles.

A TERRIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

AUGUSTUS had only had the bliss of meeting her once before, and it needed all the self-possession he had about him now that he was about to gaze upon her for the second time, to restrain his feelings and preserve a calm and dignified demeanour. His heart had fairly run away with him, his stupid tongue had already gone with it—and, now that she was waiting for him at the rustic seat just by the bridge, he felt like letting his feet play the fool also, and running to greet her with a hop, skip and a jump.

His greatest weakness, perhaps, was his horrible nervousness. For years he'd struggled to overcome it, but failed.

And now, Ernestine was waiting for him not twenty yards away, and he could feel it coming on again.

He struck himself a mighty blow in the chest, just over the region of the wish-bone, as much as to say, "Now, my man, pull yourself together!" and hurried on.

Yes, she was there, bless her! all smiles and silk garibaldi, and he spluttered out some sort of a glad greeting and linked his arm in hers.

"Aren't you well, Mr. Tattinbob?" she asked, sweetly.

"N-n-no; not very—er—that is—oh, yes! awf'ly well, thanks! —I—I—mean—I—er——"

"Oh! quite so," she said, almost scornfully.

He couldn't help thinking somehow that she'd formed the opinion that he was inebriated, so he continued:

"Yes, yes—er—darling, I'm quite well—beastly well, in fact—er—let's talk about something else."

"Willingly," she replied.

He was getting *so* hot under the collar—a terribly true indication.

"Er—er—what age are you, Erne—Ernestine?" he hazarded.

"H'm—eighteen," she simpered.

"I—I—I didn't—er—mean what size boots you take—I meant what age——"

Crash! Down came her costly *en tout cas* across his unlucky head, and the last he saw of her, as he scrambled on to his hands and knees, was enveloped in a little cloud of dust far down the road leading to the paternal cottage.

THE PARVENU.

HE was not an educated man in the popular acceptation of the term. He was a trifle too intelligent.

Invited to Oldcastle Park.

Nor was he, in popular parlance, a polished man. He was far too well-mannered. He had never grasped the principle that the use of language is to cancel one's thoughts. If he didn't like a man, he looked it, and if occasion arose, said it; that being his way: to say whatever he had to say against a man to his face, and to do or say anything beneficial *sub rosa*.

Still, he had made his pile, so Society looked over his little failings, took him to its bosom, made much of him, and sneered at him in its sleeve.

Lord Oldcastle looked on him very much as the Israelites upon the quails sent into the desert—a special boon sent by Providence—to be plucked. When he had lent the earl a cool thousand, without even a scrap of paper as security, my lord rubbed his hands.

"Put away that blue paper thing," he had said, when Oldcastle produced a "bill stamp." "That sort of article's unnecessary in a matter of personal accommodation between gentlemen."

Then Lord Oldcastle thought of Augusta. It was her fourth season, and there was no apparent prospect of her going off; the parvenu would doubtless do the right thing in the way of settlements, even if he was not quite the style of man one would care for at one's dinner table.

So Jack Brymer was invited to Oldcastle Park, and Lady Augusta received orders to make the running strongly.

Presently he heard voices.

She played her part as enchantress to perfection. It was wonderful the interest she took in cattle ranching, oil wells, town lots, and the myriad other sources of his "pile."

And Miss Maybud, the nursery governess, began to understand why Lady Augusta had got her to read up those subjects, and collate information concerning them.

Jack Brymer's eyes momentarily followed the trim little figure and sweet face of the governess as she led away the youngsters. Then Lady Augusta took possession of him, bewildered, fascinated.

He had been at Oldcastle Park some ten days or so, when one afternoon, just after lunch, he strolled along the terrace on to the lawn to puff a cigarette. He seated himself on a bench behind a clump of shrubs, and somehow got into a half slumber.

Presently he heard voices—Lady Augusta's and Doris Branscombe's. Doris was Augusta's cousin and confidant—her *alter ego*.

"Have you netted the parvenu yet?" asked Doris.

"He hasn't proposed, but he's on the verge of it, I think. I shall be glad when it's over."

"Poor Augusta! to have to marry a man like that!"

"But, Doris, dear, there is balm in Gilead. One is not obliged to live with one's husband always. I shall have my set, which won't be exactly his. And as soon as I can with delicacy quarrel with him, why, our ways will divide; he'll make me a suitable allowance, and — we shall live happily ever afterwards."

And they had embraced.

"Poor Mr. Brymer!" said Doris, and Lady Augusta laughed.

Had he been dreaming? Yes; for ten days. What a good thing he had awakened.

Who was that stealing along the ground in the dusk of the trees like a graceful white fawn? The little governess! And all at once a great idea came into his head. And—for he was a man swift in action—he was beside her, had whispered a question in her ear, and they had embraced.

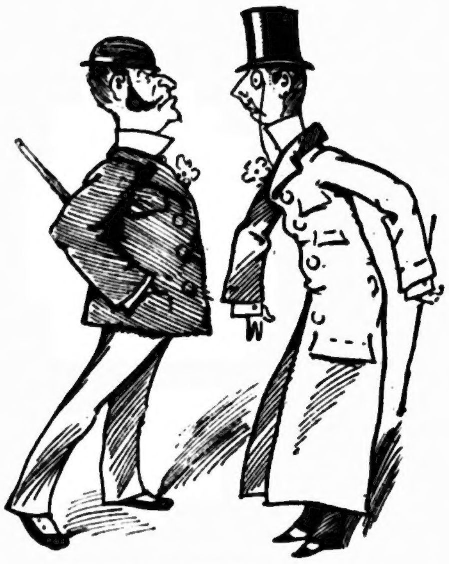
"Lord Oldcastle," he said, that night, "I'm going to marry."

"I congratulate you, my boy."

"Your daughters'——"

"Not both of them?"

"Your daughters' governess!"



"Do you think I'm a fool, sir?"

"No, sir, I don't think about it, I am sure of it!"

THE LIVING MODEL.

"Let me show you something nice in Bathing Costumes, Madam!"

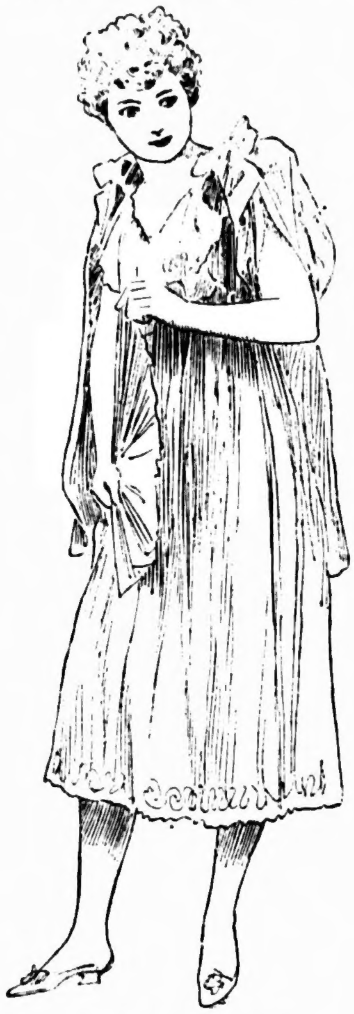
Father. Chawles, Stoke Pogis churchyard is close by—the scene of Gray's Elegy.

Son.—Gray be d——d! I had ouite 'nuff o' that cuss at school!

"Yes; it is very warm, dear. I am almost inclined to don my last summer bathing dresses and bathe in our village canal. What do you think of the idea?" *—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

*** *Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.*

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



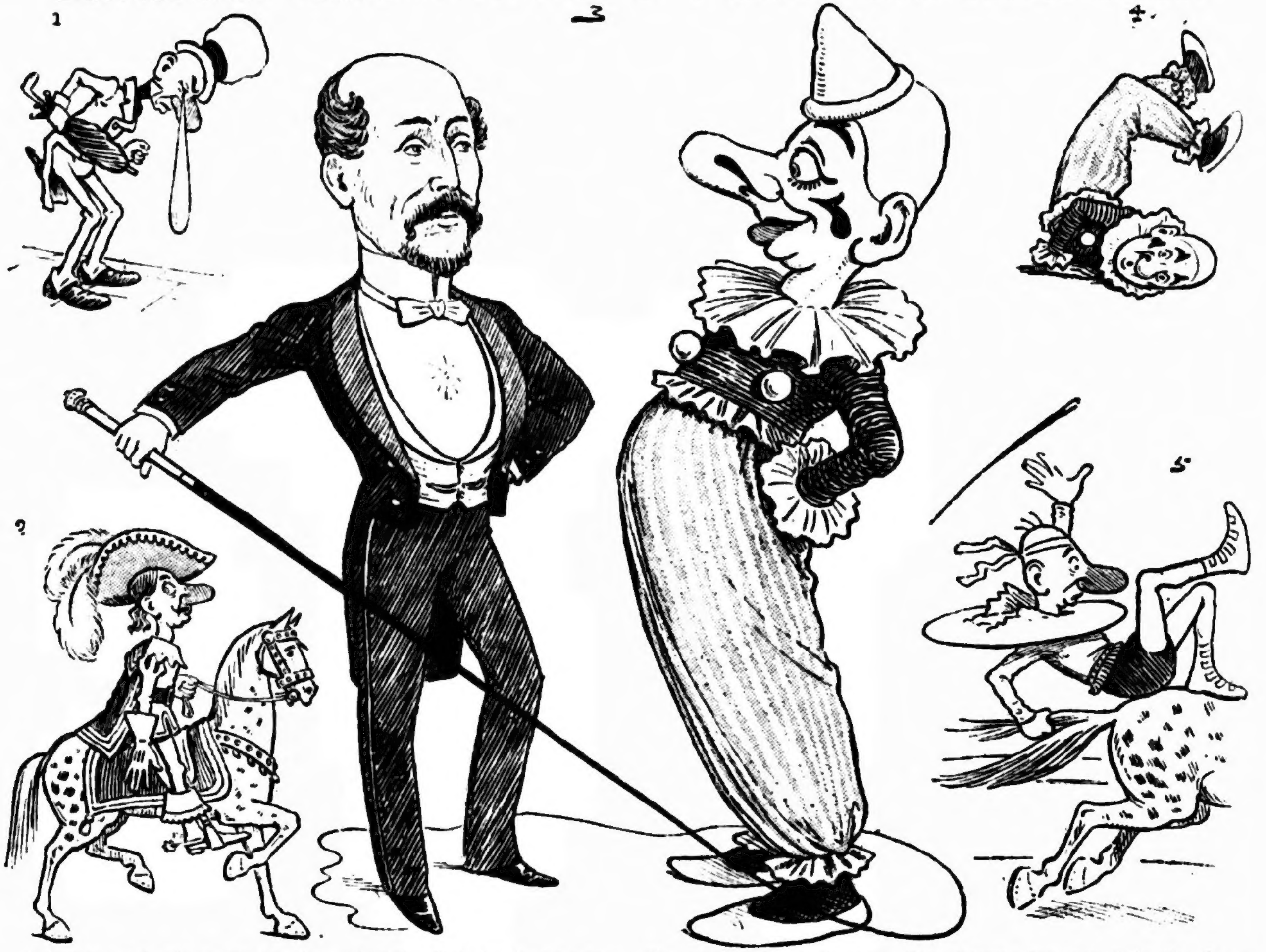
No. 287.—MISS MAUD MANDERS.

"I swear allegiance to the maid for age!" *—The Dook Snook.*

"The spell of her beauty is on me still!" *—Lord Bob.*

"Vainly, vainly have I pleaded, Maudie scorns my humble love!" *—The Hon. Billy.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A SLOPER.—LORD GEORGE SANGER.



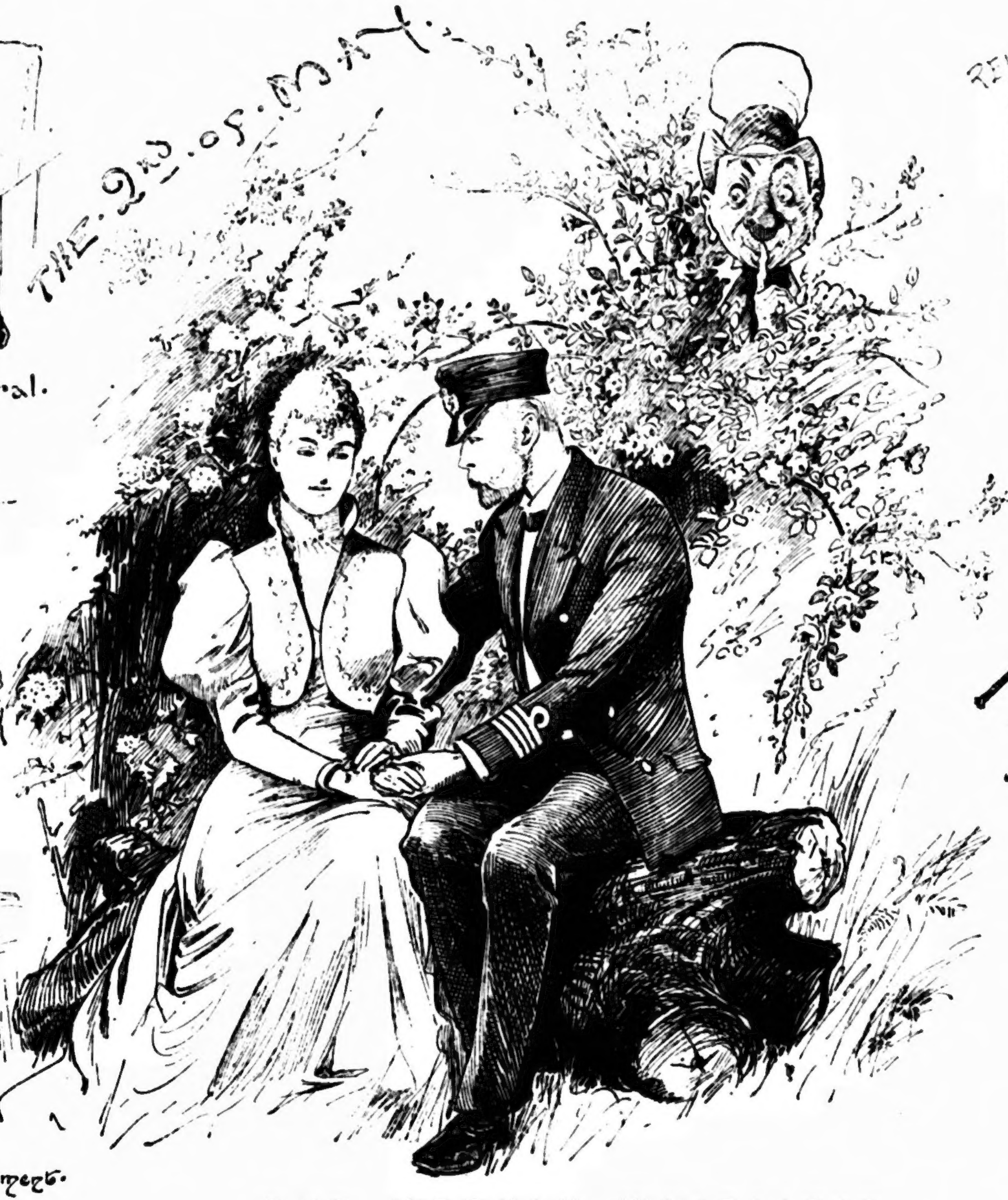
A. SLOPER gazed sadly on the site where, till lately, stood that famous house, Astley's—"Ashley's" of his youth!——(1) Then he thought it his duty to heave a sigh, and drop a tear, which fell hissing on the parched pavement of the Westminster Bridge Road. Mournfully he turned on his heel and wandered on, thinking the while of those once associated with the celebrated house—the Astleys, Ducrow, Grimaldi, Batty, Cooke, Sanger, and Ada Macklen, whose defunct, fiery, untamed steed, on the occasion of his witnessing the classic performance, raised its dead head and winked, and got a slap from the lily hand of the swooning Mazeppa for so doing. On, then, he wandered till he came to the green, daisy-pied fields of Battersea, now in all their glory of spring beauty. There, in their midst, rose a gorgeous canvas pavilion, over whose portals in letters of gold, on a crimson ground, is shown the legend, LORD GEORGE SANGER'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE. Stopping but to cull a buttercup and place it in his buttonhole, he hastened to those portals, where he was met by the renowned proprietor himself. "'Tis more," cried A. SLOPER, bursting into poetry as befitting the sadness of his thoughts, "'tis more in sorrow than in anger I come to thee, my Lord George Sanger!" Then, dropping into prose, "Oh, why did you deliver up the old show to the tender mercies of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, my lord?" "Eight thousand pounds isn't a bad price," replied his lordship. "True, my lord, that fact escaped me. And now can I offer you——" "My dear SLOPER, I was about to ask *you*—give it a name!" "Nay, my lord, I allude not to a drink, though I will imbibe two with you anon, but can I offer you my services in the show?" "Yes, we are just going round with the procession; d'you mind being a cavalier?"——(2) A. SLOPER is not vain, but he fears he unintentionally played havoc with the hearts of the maidens of Battersea on that memorable occasion.——(3) Later, he donned the motley, and exchanged lively badinage with Lord George Sanger, who graciously acted as ring-master.——(4) And when the latter suggested he should do a little tumbling, the Eminent cheerfully complied, and nearly broke his neck.——(5) And if he did subsequently miss the horse when jumping through a balloon, and is now in splints, he considers that Mrs. Sloper exhibited excessive bad taste in declaring he is a' idjut to attempt monkey tricks at his time o' life.

McPARRITCH FORGETS HIMSELF.

"Lend me a shullin', McNab, tae buy a new hat; that villin the Laird he's fair spoiled me beautiful, beautiful Tartan bonnit."

When McNab's dog gripped Tammie, who roared, "Call the front part o' him off, Elder, 'cause 'ave french-nailed the back part off mesel'."

Our · other · General ·



United · Germany

King · Demos ·

"Oh where · and · oh where · has · my leedle · Dog · gone?"

Simply · for · his · ain · amusement ·

Keeping · his · hand · in ·

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Something cool and refreshing is almost a necessity during the present hot spell of weather. Well, I think I have this week prepared the very thing. Nothing more refreshing than the above could be found the whole world over. Proceed :—*Arrived in England, Roberts gay Makes rivals' hearts sink in dismay :—Of workmen he's the king no doubt, And Johnnie knows what he's about :—Amusement is expensive sport—At least, 'tis so when of this sort :—Behold the Promise here of May, And George's, too, so people say :—As nice a chuck out as could be The Army Bill's received, I see :—His doggie stolen, blind man Jack Was helpless till his tyke came back :—In Dublin gay, the other night, Was found a tin of dynamite.*—What do you think of the latest definition of the promise of May? Tasty, isn't it? Well, that good luck may stick to Princess May and Prince George through life is the sincere wish of—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

A VERY LOCAL VETO.

THE PITY OF IT.

She. You look miserable this morning, Joe. What is it?
He. Oh, the governor won't part up, and I cannot even borrow threepence to jingle in my pocket.

THE COMING BY-AND-BY.
The (dis)-Honourable Percy Smallcash mesmerising his tailor into the belief that his account is paid.

"I wonder you don't get married, Mr. Murphy, you say you are fond of children." "Other people's children." "Then why don't you propose to Mrs. Smallkid? She's a widow, you know, with six."

"We can't see here. Can't we go to a better place?" "Yes; you'll have to pay three shillings more and take your collars off."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

ALL those fortunate enough to be present at the opening of the Imperial Institute cannot, we imagine, fail to have the most distinct recollection of the important part played by the Antiquated in that particularly brilliant function. They will remember the way the Old Man was petted by the Queen and the fair members of the Royal Family. They will call to mind the manner in which he was lionised by the maie; and they will not forget the general enthusiasm with which the Ancient was greeted by the foreign potentates and the public generally. Then why, we ask, were not these facts published to the world in the innumerable accounts of the ceremony? Why was it not blazoned abroad and trumpeted forth as it should have been? We can only attribute it to a miserable feeling of jealousy on behalf of other journals—a jealousy which is as paltry as it is ludicrous.

⁂

THE following is a copy of the receipt, signed by Mrs. Petty, of 115 Oxford Avenue, Southampton, to whom we paid £150 in settlement of a claim against "Ally Sloper's Railway Accident Life Insurance," as announced in last week's "HALF-HOLIDAY":—"*April 21st*, 1893.—Received from Ally Sloper the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds on the death of my husband, John Petty, in accordance with the terms of 'Ally Sloper's Free Railway Accident Life Insurance.' (Signed) ELIZA PETTY."

⁂

THE rain, though long expected, has not yet arrived, and for this let Loveliness be thankful. The present delightful weather gives a splendid opportunity for a display of bright costumes, the choicest of which may be seen at the Royal Academy on any afternoon. But wait: the day allotted for the Music-Hall Sports has not yet arrived. Only a few more weeks, and a thorough good old English wet day is as certain as it is that Queen Anne's dead.

⁂

THE Mildewed Fabric has this day bestowed his "Award of Merit" upon JOHN N. BARLOW, *because he painted "Morning After Rain"* (No. 72). "Feyther," burst forth the Cerulean-Orbed Impressionist, "standin' in the Royal Academee a-gazin' at that pictur' of John's I can't 'elp thinkin' as 'ow I've missed my vocation. In me art is parrymount, as the poet says. I'm art from the roof of my cherry-bellum to the tips of my bloomin' toes. Why, oh! why did you not in the early days buy me a shillin' box of Rowney's water colours and give me my chance!" But before the artistic youth had an opportunity of rounding further on the author of his being, sounds of bumping were distinctly heard by the neighbours.

⁂

THE offer made by Lardi Longsox to write "The History of My Life" for *Larks!* has not met with the cordial reception that lady expected.

⁂

A. SLOPER was present at the Testimonial Benefit *Matinée* given at the Canterbury to Mr. Arthur Tinsley on May 8th. Poor Arthur, owing to continued ill-health, has been unable to follow his profession for some time, and has been ordered abroad by his medical adviser, as the only means of his recovery. We wish him well again.

⁂

IT is to be sincerely regretted that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have gone to the trouble and expense entailed by the production at the Avenue of so unsatisfactory a work as Mr. H. J. Dam's *The Silver Shell*, a play which, though a very decided improvement upon the author's *Diamond Deane*, produced some time ago at the Vaudeville, when Miss Dorothy Dorr made her English *début*, is hardly of an order calculated to materially add to his reputation as a playwright, or afford congenial occupation for the distinguished couple who are its chief interpreters. Unlike the majority of bad plays, however, it is the first two acts which lack strength and interest, and were all the play as good as the third *The Silver Shell* would have a far brighter future than that which we fear is in store for it.

THE bright and sunny weather (it has lasted so long that scribes no longer fear that it may have changed before the paper comes out)—the bright and sunny weather, we repeat, has started the river season a lot earlier this year, and the upper reaches of the Thames are gay with many crafts; and boating and would-be boating men are to be encountered upon its banks and landing stages clad in many weird and fearsome get ups. Once again the steam launch noisily asserts itself, scatters small boats in all directions and blocks up the locks. For lo, the guileless chorus girl and extra-lady have donned their summer finery, and accompanied each by the most oofy mash obtainable, repair to the many favourite haunts where the beauties of Nature and a big luncheon basket can be discussed. The river season has made a splendid start.

⁂

IT appears that the popular comedian, Harry Monkhouse, and his own specially organised Company, periodically dance around the Provinces with a Burlesque Farcical Comedy, by Wilton Jones, entitled, *Larks*. We of Shoe Lane are glad to hear this, for it has made the friendship between 'Arry and A. SLOPER faster than ever. The two beauties are often to be seen together now doing a crawl and freely puffing our *New Halfpenny Comic*. Wot *Larks!*

⁂

DESPITE the warm weather, McGooseley utterly refuses to credit the fact that summer is close upon us, only he asserts, when they take down the hot-water apparatus at the Blue Pig and substitute an ice-pail he will be convinced.

⁂

THE assertion that the Queen has requested A. SLOPER to take care of the gem-encrusted key with which she opened the Imperial Institute is unfounded. Uncle Attenborough says ALLY hasn't been near his place for nearly a whole month.

⁂

MR. MCGOOSELEY has left a box full of MSS. on the subject of "Booze v. Sherbet" with the Editor of *Larks!* in the hope that they will be published in the New Ha'p'orth. Arrangements are now being made to light the kitchen fire with them at the earliest opportunity.

⁂

BY all appearance, Whit-Monday promises to be, so far as the weather is concerned, an unprecedented success, and the heart of the general Bank Holidayist is happy. Of course, before the day arrives, one of those sudden changes for which the English climate is so famed may upset all calculations, but everything at present points to a continuance of the delightful weather with which we have lately been favoured. That the seaside will be the centre of attraction for the next few days there can be no doubt, and well may it be, for not only can the tired-out Londoner obtain relaxation from his daily toil there, but, what is better, he will return to the Metropolis in a far better state of mind and body than when he started. London, of course, still supplies an abundance of amusements, but who would willingly remain in London with the thermometer at ninety in the shade!

⁂

THE suggestion that Lord Bob is financing *Larks!* is perfectly childish. As a matter of fact, it doesn't want any financing at all—the coin is simply rolling in. It *is* a success, and no mistake. A. SLOPER has ordered a new shirt.

⁂

THE May Meetings are now in full swing, and the Strand, in the vicinity of Exeter Hall, teems with coats of clerical cut. The mild curate and the militant parson are here, there, and everywhere, working away at their fads and hobbies with a great zest which enthusiasm alone will give. It is often said that it is a holiday time for those who come up to London for the purpose of attending these meetings, but if this is so we would rather take our holidays elsewhere, and in other ways.

⁂

"HERE I am again, Arthur," quoth A. SLOPER, as he swung himself into the Saloon Bar attached to the Royal Music-hall, and buttonholed the genial Arthur Swanborough, but recently risen from a bed of sickness, "and glad to see things here looking so rosy." Asked what he'd take, A. SLOPER protested that he never took anything during business hours, and proved it by indulging in twelve "fours" right off the reel. A few more remarks, and The Eminent sought the auditorium: and after winking at one or two fine samples of loveliness, laid himself out to enjoy a programme both excellent and varied. Although all are not Star Artistes at the Royal, nevertheless the entertainment cannot be excelled at any other music-hall in London; and A. SLOPER left fully impressed that the only lives worth living were those of the music-hall artistes and managers.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 27TH MAY, 1893.

21st May, 1839.—A newspaper of this date states that a sporting butcher in London had won £25,000 by the Derby.

22nd May, 1787.—A pretended number of the *London Gazette* appeared on the above date, with news of a startling character designed to affect the public funds and make a panic in the money market. The authors of this curious forgery of the name, style and general character of a leading London paper, were never discovered. It was the work of speculators, and had the desired effect on prices. The officers of the Crown made every effort to detect the guilty printers, but the names of the agents of this novel fraud were never known.

23rd May, 1870.—Mark Lemon, dramatic author and editor of *Punch*, died this day, aged sixty. "In 1841," says the author of "Mr. Punch: His Origin and Career," "there was a printing office, No. 3 Crane Court, Fleet Street, wherein was carried on the business of Mr. J. W. Last. It was here Mr. Punch first saw the light. This house enjoys besides, a distinction of a different kind—that of being the birthplace of Parr's Life Pills, for Mr. Herbert Ingram, who had not at that time launched the *Illustrated London News*, was then introducing that since celebrated medicine to the public."

24th May, 1785.—Mrs. Bellamy took her leave of the stage this day, Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, speaking an address, which concluded with the following couplet:

> "But see, oppress'd with gratitude and tears,
> To pay her duteous tribute she appears."

The curtain then ascended, and Mrs. Bellamy being discovered, the whole house immediately arose to mark their favourable inclinations towards her, and from anxiety to obtain a view of this once celebrated actress. She was seated in an arm-chair, from which she in vain attempted to rise, so completely was she subdued by her feelings. She, however, succeeded in muttering a few words expressive of her gratitude, and then, sinking into her seat, the curtain dropped before her.

25th May, 1865.—Sam Collins, Irish comic vocalist, died this day. His real name was Vagg.

26th May, 1424.—A notice of football is contained in an Act of the first Parliament of James I. of Scotland, held at Perth on the above date. It runs as follows: "17. That na man play at the futeball. *Item.*—It is statute, and the King forbiddis that na man play at the futeball under the paine of fiftie schillings als oft as he be tainted, or to the shireffe of the land or his ministers, if the lordes will not punish sik trespassoures."

27th May, 1767.—The man who used to dance the hornpipe among the thieves in the *Beggars' Opera* on its first production having been taken ill, Nancy Dawson was selected to supply his place. From this moment she became a favourite with the town. Her health was drunk in all clubs and meetings, matrons copied the make of her hat, and her hornpipe was set to the harpsichord and taught to young ladies. She died on the above date.

THE THREE W'S.

WOMAN and Wine and Weed!
Weed and Woman and Wine!
Of the manifold blessings to man decreed
These three are the three most fine.
Oh, I never could hope to succeed
In counting how oft I've been freed
From troubles perplexing, and sorrows so vexing,
By Woman and Wine and Weed!

Woman and Weed and Wine!
Wine and Woman and Weed!
Bereft of the influence sweet, benign,
What deplorable lives we'd lead.
But, though Fate is at times malign,
Why need we to fret and repine
While still we're such best of nepenthes possessed of
As Woman and Weed and Wine!

Woman and Wine and Weed!
Weed and Woman and Wine!
From their bountiful charms I will ne'er recede
Till the fate of a bankrupt's mine.
Nay, I'm jolly well sure, indeed,
That my body I'd hurl with speed
Right into the current of Thames if it weren't
For Woman and Wine and Weed!

FLOSSIE THE FLIRT.

THERE seemed to be an amount of elasticity and "go" about young Alec Hoopironn when he called for his old school chum, Charlie Andscrew, that was unbecoming at so early an hour as eight in the morning.

"Tell him to hurry up, Mrs. A., will you?" he said to Charlie's maternal relative, who answered the door with a sizzling Dutch-oven in her hand—for Charlie (and Alec, too, for that matter) was only a bright young clerk in the City, and it didn't run to keeping a slavey.

Five minutes later Charlie himself appeared, and the two young men started for Fenchurch Street.

"Charlie," said Alec, looping his arm in his chum's, as they stepped it out together, "may I take you into my confidence?"

"Cert'nly, old chap, cert'nly."

"Charlie, I am in love!"

"Oh, you'll get over that. What are you taking for it?"

"As a dear friend, don't jest at a holy passion that springs from the heart."

"Oh, Jiminy—hark at him! Well, well, I won't. And, pray, who is the favoured fair one?"

"Her name, Charles, is Florence Denbigh Hyphen-Streete—of course, to me she is 'Flo.'"

Charlie said nothing, but gave a long low whistle, which Alec interpreted as an expression of surprised admiration at the aristocratic appellation.

"I need hardly say that I love her with my whole heart; I love her as I have never loved before—and *you* know, Charlie, that I am *not* an amateur in love. I *thought* I loved that girl that I met on the *Clacton Belle* last year as I had never loved woman before, but I *know* that I am head over ears in love with dear, darling—pardon me if I seem too sentimental—Florrie. Of course, Charlie, a *blasé* man about town—Kentish Town—as you are, don't attach that importance to what you would possibly call a passing affair of the heart, because you do not *feel* the pierce of the arrow-head of Cupid. And, what is more, I *know* that my love is reciprocated. She would not let me go last night until I had given her my photo., and I gave her the one out of mother's album. What, I ask——"

"No, old chap, what *I* ask—for I didn't quite catch it—what did you say the lady's name was?"

"Florence Denbigh Hyphen-Streete."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, *ha*, HA!" He laughed so loud and long that he had to hold his sides.

Young Hoopironn turned a cold glance upon him, and, drawing himself up, demanded the reason of such untimely mirth.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" gasped Charlie, "you gave her your photograph, did you? Well, I'll bet you drinks she's done with *you*. Why, my dear old chap, she's had *heaps* of fellows that way: as soon as she gets sick of 'em she presses 'em for their pictures. What d'ye think she does with 'em?"

"I don't know."

"Hands 'em over to the servant girl, with '*Always out to this cad*'" written across the back."

And that very night poor Alec found 'twas even so

MADE IN GERMANY!

["Muchinterest attaches," says a Berlin correspondent, "to the Revenue Rates now comng in. Under the new law the taxpayer assesses himself. Ninety persons have acknowledged themselves to be millionaires—reckoning, of course, in maks."]

Now how mooch do I earn in a year ach?

IN the Father-
land to-day—
At least, the papers say—
They've got the bulge on tape and sealing-wax; [returns,
For, in Revenue
Each man states what he earns—
In short, makes out his bill of Income Tax.

Oh! to live in such a place
In this, the year of grace,
A sentence to express it language lacks.
If 'twere left to Englishmen
To state their wage by pen
Little profit would arise from Income Tax.

Most things in every trade
In Germany are made,
From matches to the honest woodman's axe,
But the best thing in that land
That is made, with German brand,
Is the self-assessing law for Income Tax!

SPOOFED!

"JUST so, Letty, just so," assented the youthful lordling, white with the emotion engendered by the storminess of the interview, "I don't, I can't deny the promise to you, but—er—but supposing I refuse to carry it out?"

"Then, Plantagenet," she said, decidedly, "it will be a sensational case of breach."

The young noble winced. "Really, Letty," he said, plaintively, "you might let me down a bit easy. You know I've made a fool of myself, and that the governor'd cut me off with a tanner if he ever got wind of it."

"Yes; but we can keep it dark till the old chap pegs out."

"We might," he said, doubtfully, "but—er—you know I *must* marry money."

"I'm afraid you'll have to be content with beauty," said the fair girl, rising and surveying her reflecttion in the mirror.

Plantagenet was silent a moment. "What's your confounded proof," he asked savagely, at length, "if I let you bring the case into court?"

Letitia smiled. "You seem to forget, Planny," she remarked, sweetly, "the letter in which you did me the honour of asking me to be your bride."

"The miserable thing your scoundrel brother made me write when I was boozed."

"Precisely; to say nothing of the snap-shot photo my delightful relative took of us, clasped in affectionate embrace."

"Let's have a look at them, Letty," pleaded her lover.

"Plantagenet," was the reply, "can you really observe any verdancy in my optic?"

Plantagenet cursed eloquently beneath his breath for some minutes, and the performance apparently soothed his ruffled feelings somewhat.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to go through with it," he said, recklessly, at length, "but it's an infernal shame, d—— me if it isn't!"

* * * * *

It was a charming picture.

The snug, daintily furnished sitting-room of the pretty riverside hotel, beneath the windows of which the waters of the Thames flowed placidly, glistening silver beneath the brilliant rays of the noonday sun: the bright, sunny-faced young bride reclining languidly in the luxurious depths of the most comfortable cosy chair, gazing complacently upon the man whom she has sworn to love, honour, and obey.

"Letty," observed that youthful noble at length, "Now you've fairly hooked me you might let me glance over that letter I wrote you. I'd really like to see what I said."

His bride emitted a fragrant cloud of cigarette smoke. "Delighted to oblige you, Plantagenet," she laughed, "but the truth is, that letter was burnt in mistake."

"What!" gasped Plantagenet, "and you—oh, what a fool I was! And the photo?" he added, quickly.

"The photo!" said Lettie, with an air of mock regret, "Ah! there again I was unfortunate: the bad light, and the hurry in which it was taken caused it to come out a complete unrecognisable blur. Planny, dearest, I'll trouble you for another light."

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 99.—MAISIE GOWER.

YOU'VE read, no doubt, in *Larks!* about
The bold Ball's Pond Banditti,
Who, night and day, wild antics play
In suburb and in city.
We've found those boys (whose boisterous noise
Is nightly heard all o'er the town)
So full of mirth that naught on earth,
Save one dear girl, can tame them down.

When at the "Friv." those demons give
A call—why, then, on hearing
Miss Maisie sing, their noise takes wing.
They cease their jovial jeering.
And, if Miss Gower has got the power
To sway such scamps, then who the deuce
Denies that she would able be
To move high hills, like old Orpheus?

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

115 OXFORD AVENUE, SOUTHAMPTON, *April 21st*, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind letter of to-day inclosing cheque for £150, for which I attach formal receipt as requested. I beg most sincerely to thank you for the great kindness and promptitude with which you have met the claim, and for your kind expression of sympathy in my sad bereavement. Again thanking you, I am, dear sir, yours gratefully,

ELIZA PETTY.

30 YORK STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, *May 3rd*, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—Most unexpected and overwhelming was the honour, and it is to you and your kindness that I owe it, that amongst the glorious company of the F.O.S. I am admitted. But did I varnish his molars? My own idea of my contribution was: *Elegant Extracts, with Inci-Dental Drawings.* The career of the evergreen but true blue A. S. (*in præsenti* and also *in futuro*) will be more than ever interesting to your latest addition to your friendly society, and who is yours very truly,

W. PENFOLD.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 166.—HE DIVES.

ASTOUNDED, stunned, bewildered, dazed,
The Lop-eared Lout has lately gazed,
Within the great Aquarium hall,
Upon a diving feat or three,
Whose wondrousness might well enthrall
The stoutest heart to see.

Now, SLOPER, as the reader knows,
Has always longed to vie with those
Who for gymnastic honours strive;
So by his gamp he swore, "The Wreck
Will show the world that *he* can dive,
Although he break his neck!"

He practised days, he practised weeks,
He did no end of diving freaks.
And by-and-by the public knew
From countless handbills that, for five
Poor paltry shillings, each might view
Professor SLOPER'S dive!

Through every shire, through every clan,
The startling news like wildfire ran:
And on the day a concourse vast
Appeared at Mildew,—each of whom
Planked down a dollar slick, and passed
Into a spacious room.

And when that room could hold no more,
They heard from far the Fossil's roar
(Although his form they could not see):
"The glorious feat is done. And I've
No doubt you've all beheld with glee
Professor SLOPER'S dive!"

Then from a myriad throats upwent
A furious howl of discontent.
"You swindling shogwunk, wotcher mean?
You blighted worm, how dare you call
The feat performed, when we have seen
No diving done at all?"

The Shogwunk answered loud and shrill
(But from a place more distant still):
"Nay, gents, no swindling trick I've played.
Just think it o'er, and own that I've
Into your trousers' pockets made
A truly wondrous dive!"

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.

Every Monday. One Halfpenny.

"LARKS!"
£50 Insurance Coupon.
"LARKS!"
Crammed with Funny Pictures.
"LARKS!"
Full of Side-Splitting Reading.
"LARKS!"
Conducted by GILBERT DALZIEL.
"LARKS!"
The New Halfpenny Comic.

GILBERT DALZIEL,
"LARKS!" OFFICE, 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

"BE NOT RIGHTEOUS OVER MUCH."

—*Ecclesiastes* vii, 16.

[A Primitive Methodist candidate for the Ministry at Liverpool was recently rejected because he was "addicted to smoking." On intimating that he would renounce pipe rather than pulpit, he was elected.—*Press.*]

YE bondsmen of the narrow mind,
Whom idiot prejudices blind,
Say, what excuses can ye find
For thus provoking
The sneers which we can scarce control,
By banning from the preacher's *rôle*
Some worthy man, because, poor soul!
He's fond of smoking?

Did parson e'er, for smoking's sake,
Less lofty views of virtue take?
Or strive less earnestly to make
His flock religious?
Exists there aught, within their creed
Who lives of Christian goodness lead,
To prove a fondness for the weed
A vice prodigious?

Ye bondsmen of the narrow mind,
Your crotchets, though for weal designed,
Will work exceeding harm ye'll find
Since from your preaching
Some poor "unsaved" will, loathing, turn
(Because your straightlaced fads they spurn)
Who else had been disposed to learn
The things ye're teaching.

NOT A NOVICE.

IT was a youthful manager, and he was seated in his sanctum interviewing the numerous fair candidates for positions in the chorus. "And—er—have you had any stage experience?" he asked the tall, fine-figured damsel with the auriferous ringlets, who sat toying coyly with her plush sachet. The lady drew herself up haughtily, and shot a glance, full of fire and indignation, at her diffident questioner. "Have I had any stage experience?" she repeated; "well, considering I've been divorced three times, had my jewels stolen regularly twice a year, done six months for assaulting a sister actress, and had my photo taken in four hundred different positions, I think I can say just a little. Have I had any stage experience? Great Scot! man, do you take me for a bally novice?"

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

SPEAKING of loyalty, Miss A. E. Bayly, the novelist, is one of the "Lyall"-est people we know.

A "DOWN"-WARD Tendency: That of a man walking from Armagh to Newry.

OUT of the Frying-pan, but in the Fire: The letter E.

CLARA'S HEROES.

(A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.)

CHAPTER XII.

"So, Mr. Harry Lawlor, I find you are a gallant rescuer of fair dames, and ought to have the Albert Medal or something equally honourable," said Miss Mortimer, as she handed Mr. Lawlor his cup of tea.

A cup of tea

"I am not covetous of that kind of honour, Miss Mortimer. I presume you allude to the rescue of your maid. She promised not to tell anyone it was I who 'put her out.'"

"Nor did she," said Clara, with a laugh. "I unintentionally played eavesdropper last night while you were making confessions in the conservatory."

"Then for once your experience would belie the proverb that 'listeners hear no good of themselves,'" said Mr. Lawlor.

"Oh, yes, certainly. But I did not require to overhear Jeannie to know that she was grateful," said Miss Mortimer. "One thing I did not hear, however," she continued, "and that was how it came about that Mr. Steedman managed to get all the glory in the affair."

"Pure accident, I assure you—an accident for which no one was to blame. We exchanged cloaks as we were leaving the music-hall, and when asked for my card, I naturally gave one of his. That was how it all happened."

"But it wasn't very honourable for Steedman to allow the mistake to continue," said Miss Mortimer. "Hardly what I should have expected of him."

"Oh, that was my blame, too," said Harry. "My folks down in the country would be awfully alarmed if they knew I had rescued a ballet girl; they are rather strait-laced, don't you see, so I asked Steedman to let the thing rub along as it was."

"I don't care for that sort of thing."

"And he readily consented?"

"Oh, yes, a good chap Steedman."

"Yes, very good; but he might have been frank enough to disclaim the glory when he had opportunity. He has got a deal of credit by it."

"Ah! I don't care for that sort of thing."

"Do you care for anything?" said Clara Mortimer, sharply, as she leaned back in her chair and looked at Harry.

"Yes—yes, there are things I have cared for, but they are not for me," said Harry, with a sigh; "and I had better get quit of the ambition to attain them as speedily as possible. I am arranging to obtain an appointment in India. I have every reason to think I shall get it."

"India!" said Clara, with a start, her fair face paling in a manner strange with one usually so self possessed.

"Yes, India," said Harry. "There is no one to keep me here," he continued.

"No one!" said Clara, with a half bitter laugh. "Do you expect anyone to make an effort to keep you here, when you are so careless of everyone?"

"I am not careless, but I am hopeless. There is one I love madly—one whom it is madness to love!"

"Indeed! Is she indifferent to——"

"You should know best. You are she."

"Mr. Lawlor!"

"Forgive me, Miss Mortimer; I never intended to speak. But it is well that you should know."

His arm stole round her waist.

"Yes, seeing that I may be considered as an interested party, it is only right. Will you have another cup of tea?"

"Am I forgiven? Will you forget my daring?"

"I have no desire to forget. I have nothing to forgive."

"Miss Mortimer—Clara—may I hope that you are not indifferent to me?"

"Harry Lawlor, *will* you take another cup of tea?"

"Never! till I have an answer."

"And if it is favourable you won't go to India?"

"I won't."

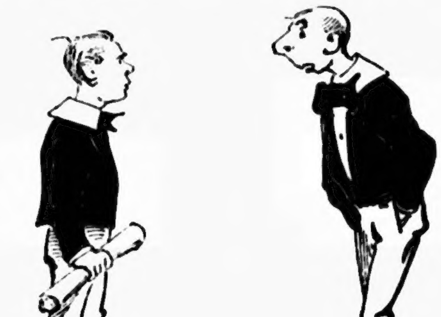
"Then have another cup of tea," said Clara, as, with a shy glance, she placed her hand in that of the enraptured Harry, whose arm stole round her waist as he tenderly kissed her.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 308.—MR. ALFRED BRYAN, F.O.S.

"Much as we feel assured our readers will appreciate the above portrait of England's greatest caricaturist, they will do so the more when we tell them that it is only with the most supreme difficulty we have been able to procure it. So overcome was our hero upon the receipt of our letter asking him to execute a portrait of himself, that it took him three hours to recover from the shock to his overwhelming modesty. Then he came down in tears and a hansom to see our chief. It was an affecting interview. He wept, he prayed, he raved, he stormed. In vain. Sternly but firmly our editor told him to do his duty. He has done it, but in his excess of diffidence, he has, we fear, refused to do full justice to his handsome, intelligent and kindly countenance. And here he stopped. No power on earth, he asserted, should drag from his lips any particulars of his career, and reluctantly we gave up all hope of fixing up his biography. But he cannot entirely seal our lips. Could we not tell of the dizzy height of his position on the ladder of Fame? Could we not eulogise his skilful and prolific pencil until the crack of doom? Could we not prove his immeasurable superiority to all past and contemporary masters of caricature? But we spare him. The consequences might even be fatal, and England can ill afford to lose so distinguished an ornament to her world of art. Chiefly because he's an eminent artist, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him December 11th, 1886."—*Debrett Improved.*



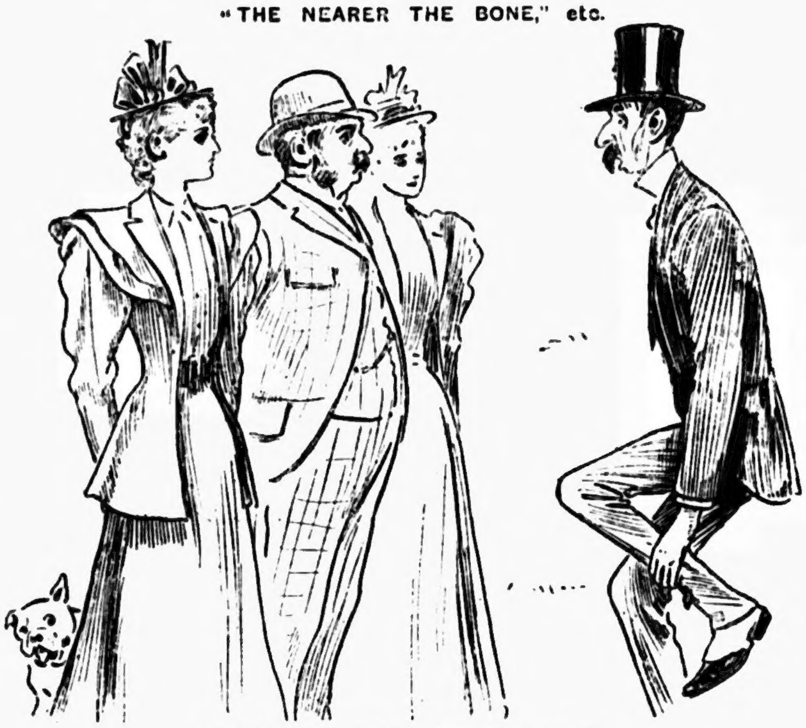
"Hullo, Smith! were you reared in Long Acre?"

There was a wise man on a ladder,
Who said, "Life is naught but a shadder."
When a boy just for fun let him down with a run,
And left him much *wiser*, if sadder.

A COMMISSION.

"What, call yerself a bloomin' street hartist? 'Ere, you paint my face, then."

"THE NEARER THE BONE," etc.



Thin Swell. I say, you fellow, your dog's bitten my leg?
Dog Owner. Really? Well, I'm not surprised. He's very fond of a *bone*.

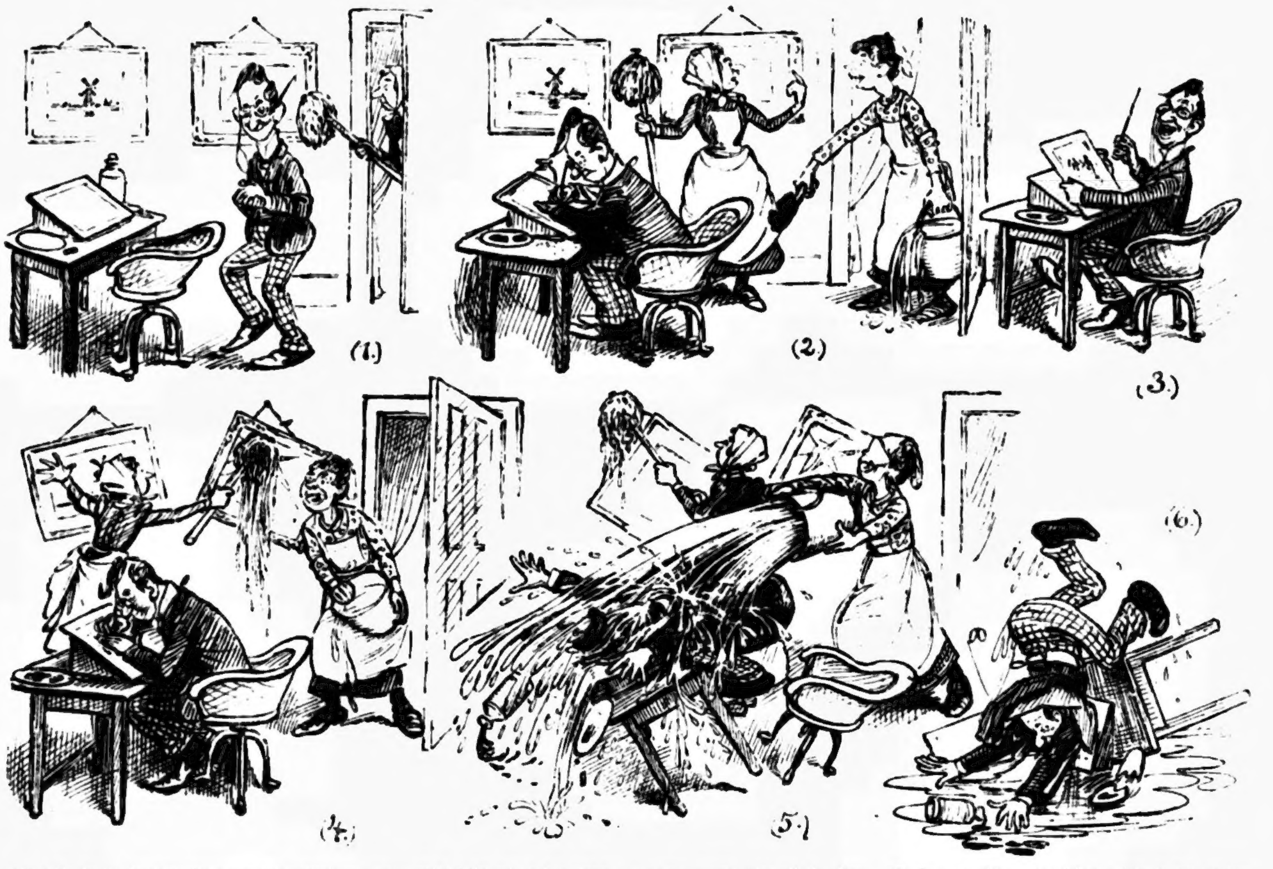
BRITISHERS ABROAD.

She. Oh, and do you remember that lovely gorge in the mountain?

Bright Youth. Don't *I*—rather! I never ate so much in my life.

"Ain't I a masher, Sal?" "Yaas, a beetle masher."

BRINGING IT HOME TO HIM.

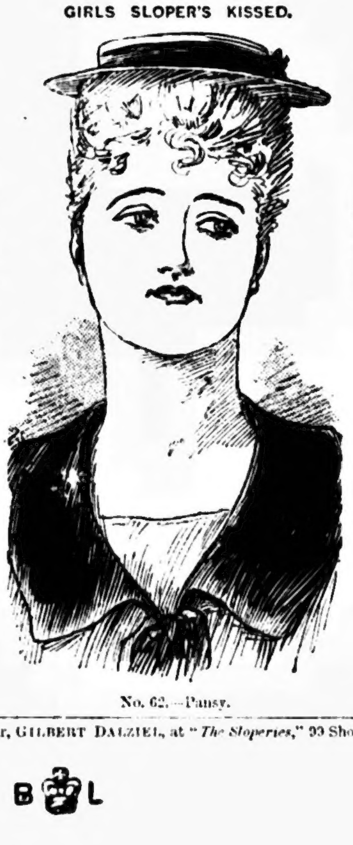


(1) "He, he!" chuckled Sniggers, the notorious comic artist, "the missis has clean forgotten all about the 'spring cleaning' this time. I'm safe till next year."——(2) "That suggests a first-class idea for a ten bob sketch. Good biz. Here goes."——(3) "Ho, ho, ho! Capital! I must smile at this, though I did it myself. Splendid joke. Fellow working away unconsciously in his study with a 'spring cleaning' raging round him all the time. Ha, ha!—see?"——(4) "Gad! this is my masterpiece! Regular side-splitter! Make the chap absorbed in his work till the slavey chucks a bucket of dirty water over him in the last sketch—he, he That'll fetch 'em!" *Sukey.* Be Oi to swill this 'ere down an' all, mum? Wotsa? Yis'm.——(5) Swosh!!——(6) Sniggers concluded that the joke was a pretty poor one, after all.

A NOVEL SYSTEM.

First Workman. In our shop, yer see, we hevs timesheets.
Second Workman. Do yer, now.
First Workman. Yus; we hevs ter make 'em out ourselves. It takes us one 'our ter put down what we did the last one.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 62.—Pansy.

IN FLOWING CIRCUMSTANCES.

"I shall not give my consent, because I believe his business is at a *standstill*."

"Oh, no it's not, father, indeed. He told me himself it was in *liquidation*."

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